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(of which von den Steinen's study, more than 50 years old, still offers an extraordinarily faithful description) if one did not take into account the fact that this culture, in itself highly superior to that of the Brazilian caboclo /"copper-colored"/ has been raised still more above the latter level by the gifts of the Service de Protection. A fisherman on the Rio Vermelho, in 1936, had only one means of obtaining an axe for himself: it was to try to get one from the Indians. The essential reason which permitted us to make up a small group to make the trip to Kejara, in a period when navigation in a canoe is particularly difficult, is that our men knew that the Indians in this village—where they had never been—had cultivated tobacco, and they were hoping to bring back some young plants. Their hope was realized: the 300 tobacco plants given by the natives to our canoeiros marked the beginning of tobacco cultivation by the Brazilian population of the upper São Lourenço. These extraordinary conditions explain why the material culture of the Bororo, incomparably superior to that of the immediate environment, should have been almost exactly preserved.

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economic life. The present-day diet /276/ of the Bororo is more vegetable than meat. This is explained by the growing necessity to have recourse to agriculture in view of the increasing scarcity

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634 463 301 [239] [435] is the large crown of throat feathers (krug'ũga) which the leader /given in English/ wears in the ceremonial dances. The double difficulty of obtaining these feathers on one hand and the ritual of making them on the other explains why such accessories have a considerable value for the natives.

634 849 Finally, infanticides enter the province of the chief; he suffocates the undesirable newborn babies by closing the nose and mouth with his hand.

634 571 123 Although we were always sent to him for the acquisition of objects of collective use, Tuẙawa rarely concluded the transaction on his own authority. Long conferences took place, where the clan chiefs and his friends and trustworthy men conferred. He had, in fact, the habit of surrounding himself with counselors who often filled no political office but who had great influence on him. Most often it was through their mediation—they had been made known to us very early—that we requested the necessary authorizations for pursuing our work from him. Several hours later Tuẙawa would drop in, sit down beside us, remain silent, [431] and then smile at us mysteriously and demand a gift. The agreement was made.

634 Tuẙawa communicated personally with his subjects even less than with us. He saw them little, having moved his house to the right bank of the river, where he lived alone with his two wives and where he had his cultivated plots. Except when his presence was necessary for ceremonies he only spent a couple of hours in the village. He would then go to the hut of the O Cera [122] clan (8) /see Fig. 15. p. 6/, over which he seemed to have property rights, so that at least he had put it at our disposal, and we shared it with an old widow and the hostile household of a [203] "bari." It was there—or even better in the men's house—that he met with the men he trusted and communicated his decisions to them.

3:Petrullo E-5 (1931)1932 SP8 Bororo SP8

PRIMITIVE PEOPLES OF MATTO GROSSO

An Account of Archaeological and Ethnological Field Work at the Headwaters of the Paraguay and Xingu Rivers in Matto Grosso, Brazil, During 1931

By Vincent M. Petrullo

THIS account of my field work in Matto Grosso, Brazil, during 1931, is offered to those interested in primitive peoples and especially in South American archaeology and ethnology, with the sole motive of making available source material. The paper is not intended as a critical study of the region with which it deals nor does it purport to be thorough in its treatment of the subjects that it discusses. To my critical readers I plead the fact that I was a novice in the South American field at the time that the material presented was gathered, and that I was among tribes that are either but slightly known or not at all, and that thus my difficulties were those to be met by the first workers. One handicap was lack of interpreters, limiting the field of my investigations to what was physically observable. However, it is intended that the paper give the fundamental setting of the cultures with which I came in contact for any analytical study that may be undertaken in the future.

The work was done under the auspices of the University Museum cooperating with the Matto Grosso Expedition and the Academy of Natural Sciences, whose representative was Mr. James A. G. Rehn.

Both archaeology and ethnology occupied my attention, my project being fundamentally in the nature of a survey of the possibilities that the country offers in both fields of research and to study the field conditions, rather than to bring back a conclusive and thorough study of some particular site or tribe. Though the unlooked-for acquisition of an amphibian airplane by the expedition aroused the hope that a prolonged stay with some tribe could be made, since the usual excessive amount of time spent in reaching the desired village could be saved by flying the distance in a few hours, the ultimate results were what had been originally planned for reasons that will appear in the narrative.

Briefly, my work included the locating of a number of archaeological sites and the partial excavation of two of them; visits to the Bororo da

3:Petrullo E-5 (1931)1932 SP8 Bororo SP8

to Messrs. Joseph Saucedo and John Doe, co-pilot and radio operator respectively; to Mr. John S. Clarke, Jr; to my Brazilian 'camaradas' and Bakairi canoemen, who followed me so courageously into a region that is not devoid of danger, and to whom a large share of the credit for the success of the venture is due; and to Mr. Giacomo Azzil.

To others not so intimately connected with my field work I am no less obligated. To Mr. Eldridge R. Johnson for his generosity in placing [122] at my disposal the amphibian plane, without which my survey would not have been carried out over such a vast region, and which was instrumental in averting a tragic end to the Xingu venture; to General Candido Mariano da Silva Rondon, who so courteously granted the expedition permission to enter the Indian country, favoring us with his personal interest and friendship and with countless kindnesses; to Major Ramiro Noronha for the infinite pains that he took to give us all the information at his disposal concerning the region that only he knows so well, and for his intimate interest in our welfare; to Dr. Benedicto Duarte Monteiro and Dr. Alvaro Duarte Monteiro of the Inspectoria de Protecção aos Indios.

I further wish to thank the following institutions and individuals that in some way or other helped me in my task: Dr. Jules Freund of the Henry Phipps Institute; Dr. Max Schmidt for his advice and mapping out for me many projects; Dr. E. Roquette-Pinto, the director of the Museu Nacional, and Dr. Heloise Alberto Torres, of the same institution; Dr. A. Amaral and the Instituto Butantan for numerous courtesies and supplying Dick test material; the Inspectoria de Protecção aos Indios; Mr. John Gordon Ramsey for his hospitality and permission to excavate at Descavaldos; Miss Eleanor M. Moore for making [126] the six plates of drawings; Miss M. Louise Baker for drawing the map.

* * * *

Dr. E. Roquette-Pinto has expressed the opinion that to-day the most interesting groups of mankind are those to be found in the northern forests of Matto Grosso. Investigating the section of the state which he has called Rondonia, he found numerous tribes with a simple stone-age culture apparently unaffected by what has been happening on the continent of South America since the first arrival of European adventurers. Geographical barriers, and the fact that the surrounding peoples have

4: Levak E-5 (1965-1967) 1973 SP8 Bororo SP8
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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000 In the course of study and travel one accumulates many debts and many friends. I am grateful to these friends not only for their help but also because of the sense of responsibility I feel in trying to justify their trust. I give my thanks first to my adviser, Professor Floyd G. Lounsbury, whose influence will be quite obvious in the following pages. Equally important was a clear sense of direction and grasp of the meaning of ethnographic research, which I owe to Professor Harold Conklin. I am grateful to Professors Sidney Mintz and Leopold Pospisil for their friendship and encouragement, and to Professor Harold Scheffler for many useful comments made on the first draft of this thesis.

The warm welcome and assistance of Professor Roberto Cardoso de Oliveira made our first days in Brazil much easier. In Cuiabá the Summer Institute of Linguistics often gave us shelter. The Salesian missionaries, Padre Luiz and Padre

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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The Basin of a Primeval Lake, where the Rio Vermelho takes its rise, now the site of a Primitive Forest.

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Eating Christmas Dinner.

[Facing p. 354]

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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The same day, we descended through the forest into a deep, narrow valley, then up the precipitous side of a mountain having six or seven terraces, descending, finally, into the basin of the Rio Vermelho, which is covered by a dense forest, and passing close to an immense rock called the Tower of Antonico, which rises vertically to a height of five or six hundred feet. We were ascending and descending and cutting our way all day, encountering everywhere the beaten runways of wild beasts, such as tapirs, pigs, capibaras and jaguars.

About evening, we arrived at another small encampment of the Bororó by the Rio Vermelho. As we approached the cluster of huts, we were greeted by a volley of *college yells*, or war-whoops, given by the Bororó in honor of their two fellow tribesmen, who were accompanying us, and of my companion. We remained here until morning, passing the night in one of the savage huts. It was littered with rubbish, but we got the natives to clean up a little, then to sprinkle some clean sand around on the ground. This work was done by the females.

This was an extremely wild appearing spot. The somewhat open space in which the few primitive residences were clustered, was shaggy with a low growth of bushes and trees, and hemmed in closely on all sides by a dense, unbroken virgin forest; while in seemingly perfect harmony with these savage, austere, though wildly picturesque surroundings, were the nude, brightly painted, uncouth appearing human beings who existed here, their long, black, gum-matted hair flowing over their shoulders. One could not fail to be profoundly impressed when contemplating the strange, awe-inspiring picture of these children of Nature nestling, like Adams and Eves and their progenies, in the bosom of wild, unsubdued Mother Nature, exceedingly remote from civilization and almost as untouched by it as the Cave Dwellers. The red, earth-charged torrent of the Rio Vermelho flowed through and added to the wild beauty of this Paradise of Nature. It was at hightide at the time of our visit, and many varieties of excellent fish sported in shoals in its turbid waters. The

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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Chapter XXXII.

LIFE AMONG THE BORORÓ.—EYED CONSTANTLY BY A HORDE OF NUDE SAVAGES.—ASTONISHING MAKE-UPS.—PRIMITIVE HOUSEKEEPING AND SANITATION.—HORTICULTURE.—FOODS.—VEGETABLE COWS.—A WONDERFUL PALM.

[36] [133] After nearly two months of horseback riding and camping, we arrived at the confluence of the river Pogúbu, or Ponte de Pedra, and the Rio Vermelho, which is about forty miles north of the junction of the former river with the [103] São Laurenço. Here, we found a large Bororó village, called [122] the Tá Dáre Máno Páro—potato bank—where we remained several weeks, camping in a stake-walled, palm-branch roofed hut that had been erected a quarter of a mile from the Indian village by my companion. We had to cross the river Pogúbu, which we did in a small, dugout canoe made by Senhor Antonio, and swam our horses over. It is about two hundred [133] yards wide at this point, deep, and has a strong current. A heavy rain storm broke just as we were within a few hundred yards of our destination, so we rushed our entire cavalcade right into the big, open hut.

[123] [152] When our arrival became known at the primitive metropolis, and it was known instantly, our hut began to fill with our nude and painted fellow beings of all ages and both sexes, who came to observe us and to examine all the marvelous things that we had brought from our wonderful, and to them, enchanted world. They flocked in upon us regularly at dawn

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

each day during the weeks that we remained in their vicinity, and stayed by us faithfully until dark; and though coming and going continually, we had always a full house. If I opened a trunk, they were on the alert to peer into it, and to handle whatever struck their fancy. When we ate, every mouthful of food we took and our manner of eating; or if we wrote, or conversed, or photographed, or made our toilet, our every act was observed with the closest attention and commented upon in muttering tones by the horde of naked savages that encircled us, of which the women and children formed the outer ring.

They sat or lounged upon our boxes, benches and tables, or what served as a table, leaned against the stake walls of our hut, sat cross-legged on dry ox-hides on the ground, or upon flat stones or slabs of wood, or squatted around our pot of food as it boiled at the camp-fire, eyeing it hungrily, always leaving a patch of red grease on anything they sat upon or reclined against. A few dozed occasionally; some smoked when they could get a bit of tobacco; others roasted hunks of beef at our fire, or lazily picked off and ate the kernels from a roasted ear of corn; several nibbled pieces of the heart of a dwarf palm; while others, the boys, slowly devoured bits of fish that had been roasted black, peeling back the skin and scales as they ate; or amused themselves shooting with rude bows and arrows at a stump just outside our hut. The men gossiped a little among themselves in gutteral sounds, looking vacantly into space as expressionless as a professional gambler, and never once glancing toward the one addressed; or else asked us a few questions in the limited language that we knew in common. They would sit for hours at a time in every conceivable position and distortion of the body, uttering scarcely a word.

They are very fond of tobacco, and resorted to various tricks to obtain a small piece. Whenever they did any work for us, or made a trade, they invariably demanded a piece of tobacco from my companion in part payment. Besides trading, they availed themselves of numerous expedients to obtain

8: Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909 SP8 Bororo SP8

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Camping in the Matto Grosso Wilds.

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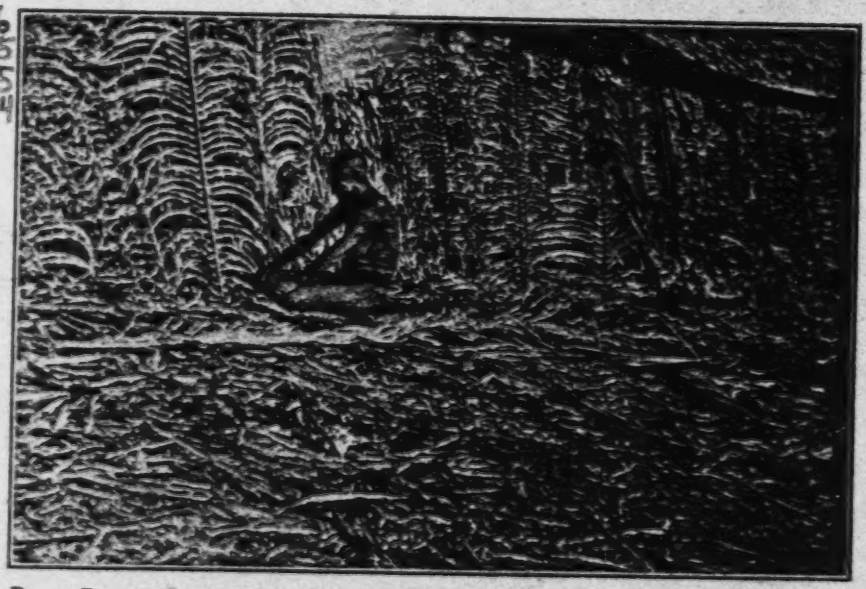

Bororó Funeral Ceremonies. The mother of the deceased, her hair jerked out and her body slashed from head to foot, is chanting just outside the great hut.

[Facing 398]

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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CHAPTER XXXVI.

FOLLOWING THE WILD MAN'S TRAIL.—LIFE IN A SAVAGE CLUB-HOUSE.—FLOATING DOWN THE RIO POGÛBU.

WHILE we had our headquarters near the Ta Dare Mano Paro village, we made a visit to the Kogi au Paro village of the same tribe some twenty miles distant.

We followed a trail used only by the savages, and over which no civilized man had ever before passed. It led largely through a forest which was so dense in many places, that the trail was like an opening through a thick hedge, or through a wall. This opening was just large enough to permit the naked wild man to pass comfortably. But we were mounted on mules, and had one mule carrying two boxes containing our cooking outfit and food. Consequently, we had to make the hole larger on all sides. Even after our muleteer, who led the way on foot, had enlarged the opening, we were compelled to practice rough riding continually to avoid being raked off our beasts, or having our limbs crushed. Besides, our passage was barred by many deep ravines, gulches, washouts and streams, the banks of which were often nearly vertical. Our mules were experts in descending the banks, for they would bunch up their feet, like mountain goats, and slide down. But, in many cases, they were unable to climb out on the other side until we had dug steps with a grubbing-hoe. There was often deep water in these places. We also encountered at nearly every step great bunches of wild pine-

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

122 [137] apple plants, to touch which was like running into a barbed-wire fence, for one's clothes would be torn and the flesh lacerated. This plant hooks into whatever touches it, even piercing one's boots. Moreover, swarms of flies of many [136] varieties, the bites of which cause itching wounds, pursued us constantly; while various kinds of wood-ticks, some of which are nearly as large as the potato beetle, fastened themselves upon us. This insect has a fearful head-gear, but, somehow, one is never aware of its presence until it has taken firm hold; then if one tries to remove it by force, either its head will be left buried in the flesh, or a piece of flesh will be torn out. To add to our discomfiture, the heat was intense, and our thirst so insatiable that we wished our throats were mill-races.

We expected to have reached the Kogi au Paro village in one day, but so much time was consumed in enlarging the opening through the forest that we were still in the middle of the woods when night overtook us. Therefore, we suspended our hammocks under the trees, prepared and ate our supper, and tried to make ourselves comfortable for the night, hoping to secure restful sleep for we were excessively fatigued from struggling through the vegetable walls and entanglements. But in planning for a peaceful night, we had not reckoned with animate Nature. Animate Nature does not limit a day's work to eight or ten hours. In the Brazilian wildernesses she labors twenty-four hours each day. The "day 122 gangs" of insects that persecuted us had scarcely retired from 136 the field when the "night gangs" came on. The mosquitoes came in swarms, of all sizes and capacities, ready for every kind of work. Some of them were so small that they could fly through our mosquito netting with extended wings, but they could bite out of all proportion to their size. The ants were also in evidence. When the mosquitoes drove me out of my hammock and I set my feet on the ground, I stepped among army corps of foraging ants which swarmed over my feet, biting, or stinging, as they ran. Fleeing from them in the inky darkness, I accidently brushed my hand against a coat

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

which was hanging on a tree, and some large, black ants that sting worse than a hornet, planted their stings into the joints of my fingers. Altogether, I felt as if I were on fire. But near morning, we got a little respite from the mosquitoes, for a fog settled down over the forest. As soon as the sun appeared above the horizon, the "day gangs" of our little tormentors renewed the attack.

All during the second day we continued to carve our way through the tangled vegetation, and to drag ourselves along, arriving at our destination at nightfall, exhausted, and nearly in tatters. To increase our discomfiture, we were short of food, for our cook had neglected to bring along any beef other than the potful he had boiled just before we begun our journey. Therefore, we had to eat sparingly; and to fry the whole potful again and again, each time we dined, to keep it from spoiling.

We were a freak to the primitive citizens of the Kogi au Paro village, many of whom having never before seen a *braidi*—white man. The women and children, especially, came out of their huts, and standing at the entrances, like prairie-dogs on their hillocks, gazed intently at us with fear and curiosity.

This village had swarmed some time previous to our visit, and was now two villages. The new brood occupied open ground near the river, but the mother horde lived in the wildest locality that I have ever seen human beings dwell in. To reach it, we had to cross the river Pogúbu, which was between one and two hundred yards wide, with a strong, flood-like current. Having nothing with which to ferry ourselves over, we had to plunge in and swim, towing our baggage over, assisted by two Bororó, on a rude float made by binding together three bunches of bamboo rods. There was but one spot on the opposite side of the river where we could get ashore, owing to the impenetrable masses of bushes and trees that lined the edge of the water and reached far out into it. To allow for the current, and to avoid striking below this particular spot, we had to work up at the edge of the river

361 some distance before casting ourselves into the current.
[122] Missing the landing place, there was great danger of our losing, not only our effects, but our lives as well.

We found the cluster of huts situated about one mile back from the river, and in the heart of the densest and most impassable upland tangle that I have ever seen. The trees
[137] were fifty feet high and less, and almost numerous enough to form a thick forest, while below them, the whole country was overgrown by a terrible jungle of bushes, briars and coarse grass. A small, circular space, like a gigantic nest, had been cleared in the center of this forbidding thicket, in which fifteen or twenty palm-branch huts clustered in the usual disorder.
[487] This wild man's lair was approached by a serpentine path just wide enough to allow men to pass in single file. The village was hidden away in this manner in order that its position might not be known to enemies, or that it might be very difficult to assault.

122 We were conducted at once to the great hut, where we
345 were entertained while in the village, and in one corner of which we suspended our hammocks and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. But we found this a hot, stuffy, ill-smelling *hotel*, and in addition, the mosquitoes were very numerous and industrious.

622 As soon as we were settled, we asked to see the chief man of the village, who appeared. He was six feet tall, well proportioned, intelligent and dignified, and the finest appearing Bororó I had seen. He seemed to have more real authority, too, than any Bororó captain I had met. The Bororó have
622 no tribal chief. Each village governs itself, independently,
624 having a few elderly men who are captains, in a way, by reason of seniority, in whom the chief authority is vested. But their powers, and the obedience rendered them, seem to be variable and uncertain. A strong character may arise from time to time, and by favoring circumstances, reach a position where he may command the entire obedience of his village. But ordinarily, the chief men do not appear to possess much real authority, individually. Of course, when they go

over to each visitor in a stooping position, grasp him by the wrist, and trot him up to the pot, as much as to say, serve yourself, but without uttering a word. Thus these two men ate freely from every pot each group received, though they were occasionally trotted off to a fresh pot while still devouring from one. The observer wonders what is the size of their stomachs, and if they did not get their fill for once. But there seems to be no limit to the eating capacity of the primitive man. After all the stewed corn was consumed, which was eaten without any condiments whatever, a bushel of roasted ears was brought in, as a dessert, and also promptly devoured. But this was the one big meal of the day for the savage horde, except when food is very abundant; though when they can obtain it, they nibble at various bits of food during the entire day and evening.

To supplement our scant supply of food, we obtained from the natives some corn which was nearly ripe. This our cook prepared for eating by shelling it and breaking it up a little in a rude mortar; then making it into small loaves which he rolled up in large green leaves and baked in the ashes.

We determined not to return by land to the Ta Dare Mano Paro village, if we could avoid it; but instead, to make a raft and descend the river Pogúbu with our baggage, while our muleteer, only, should return by land with our beasts.

One afternoon, therefore, having induced a number of Bororó to join us, we went down to the river to make the raft. I was the only one of our party who had ever had any experience with rafts, nevertheless, each one wished to be master ship-builder. We had much difficulty in gathering the material and getting it down to the water's edge, though there was plenty of it in the woods, for after each Bororó had brought down an armful, he did not care to return for more.

To construct the raft, we first cut two cedar logs nine feet long and nine inches in diameter, placed them parallel upon the ground, five feet apart, notched them deep at each end, and bound onto them cross pieces of light wood. This formed the

/448 cont./

291 native straw cuff; as soon as they were outside the walls of the city
177 they took everything off, packed up the finery, and merely kept their green cards around their necks for a few more days as a memento of the conversion.

142 They were tall, sturdy chaps, striking on account of thick forehead bulges, without eyebrows and lashes. They were de-
199 lighted with the sights of Cuyabá, where they were spoiled like children, except that they were given alcohol instead of sweets.
[152] They were particularly delighted with Wilhelm's opera hat; they greeted the snapping sound with a bear-growl hu hú of laughter and slapped Wilhelm on the shoulder in appreciation.
[262] When they were in the house with us they always wanted to drink or to eat "mandioca" or "tapira," which meant beef and not tapir, or to sleep or comb their hair. They found friends everywhere, and when they stood with us at the house door every passing Negress would nod to them sociably: "Ah, the compadres! How are you, compadre? Está bom, compadre."

114 On 14 March 1888 we set out to visit Thereza Christina, but we were obliged to forgo visiting Izabel. Duarte was staying longer in Cuyabá and wanted to join us later. The Bakaïrí Antonio and the two comrades /Kameraden here means peons/, Carlos and Peter, accompanied us. The mules were once again in such good condition that we were able to use the best ones as riding animals.

122 Our first destination, the old military colony, lies 16°32', 6
[131] south latitude and 0°59', 9 east of Cuyabá on the right bank of the S. Lourenço, almost exactly /Pl. XXV appears here/
[133] /449/ southeast of Cuyabá. We were obliged to cross a few tributaries of the Rio Cuyabá, climb the chapada /plateau/, and, half-way there, on 18 March, reached the Fazenda S. José at an altitude of 555 meters above the plaza of the Cuyaban cathedral or matriz /mother church/. To the southwest of it, lower down, are the fazendas of Cupim and Palmeiras, which chiefly provide for the colonies. Beyond S. José the country is uninhabited; the small white farm, walled like a fortress, appears in deep solitude a depression between bare slopes covered

[Text continues on P. 553]

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122 only with grass. A single, but tall tree stood beside the little brook, whose banks were lined with many young buritî palms. It required courage to live and work here. Except for the farm walls at S. José, scarcely anything along the way reminded one of the struggles with the Bororó. Only we were occasionally struck by low, narrow arbors which had been made by putting together dwarfed sertão trees; they were attributable to the soldiers and had served for protection during the night. On 19 March, across terribly desolate grassy areas, we reached the first brooks flowing toward the S. Lourenço, which were as yet only a few meters wide. On the Ribeirão Prata we found a charming little landscape, which, with its woods and succulent meadow and the silver ribbon of the little source stream, vividly recalled our home to us. Only a few young palm trees argued against this, and the thermometer, which stubbornly measured 22.8° for the very refreshing, "ice-cold" water. On 21 March there followed the descent from the plateau terrace past picturesque red sandstone rocks, and in the afternoon we reached the orange groves of the military colony, where the beautiful forest-edged S. Lourenço flowed past at a width of 127 meters. We were very hospitably received by the commander, Captain Serejo.

361 On the next day we arrived at Thereza Christina. It is situated upstream, also on the right bank and not far below where the Prata empties, but the S. Lourenço makes great bends between the two colonies and the forest area is so swampy that one is forced to make a long detour inland.

[342] Above a bank a few meters high, an extensive forest clearing; on the open place covered with dry weeds, many massive old tree trunk still standing, and here and there hewn trunks lying about, a great many low, rec tangular, in part long huts with gable roofs covered with palm straw which begin just above the door; everything prosaic and cheerless in the same grayish-yellow shade of straw and loam, surrounded by forest on three sides, the fourth bordered by a majestic, wide stream and beyond it a dark strip of luxuriant forest, above which appears an extended chain of flat hills -- that was Thereza Christina.